

Latin School Register



MAY

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NUMBER

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The Register

VOL. XLV

No. 8

MAY, 1926



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF
THE BOSTON PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL

AVENUE LOUIS PASTEUR,

BOSTON, MASS.

Entered as Second-class matter, Boston Pos. Office

THE
VANTINE & VANTINE
STUDIO

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE
BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

CLASS OF 1926



160 BOYLSTON STREET

BOSTON

THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

THE VOYAGE OF THE DRIFTER

Published in the "Boston Traveler" Story Contest

By Fred N. Dickerman

THE first to arrive on the scene was the river, for it had wound through the New Hampshire valley since the Ice Age. It was one of those little rivers that move just swiftly enough to escape the name, "Muddy River," except, of course, in the spring when, flooded with the melting snow, it spread over the bordering meadows. But now it was August, and the stream flowed quietly under the bridge—a plain, iron bridge built for duty rather than beauty.

To complete the scene, two men came walking down the road. By mutual consent they stopped to lean over the iron railing. One, a tall, powerful, heavy man, whittled leisurely on a piece of wood, and watched the chips float away.

The other, a little man, of the soldier-of-fortune type, interrupted the noise of the river to say, "Mr. Hilton, when I heard of your brother's death a year ago, I was wandering around in the Amazon region, for that is about the only refuge for fugitives from the law now. I had always known that he was the guilty person, but nobody would have believed the word of a cashier against that of a treasurer, so I fled. However, the news of his death made me hope that he might have done just what you admit he did,—confess. Jeopardizing my freedom, I came back and

found my hopes fulfilled. As you know, my joy was short-lived because of your refusal to hand over the confession to the authorities. Think of what you are doing, Mr. Hilton. You are wrecking the life of a human being for the sake of the memory of one dead. Suppose your brother was the innocent one and I the guilty person. Would you hesitate then? You have the reputation of being a gentleman. No one save a few authorities would ever know."

With this last appeal, Wayne Myers fought for his freedom from a fugitive's life; for his future, for a chance to have a home. Hilton, apparently unmoved, continued whittling on the now nearly completed model-launch. He was thinking with lightning speed, however. He would never have the contents of that confession known. What a nine days' wonder it would create. But how could he get rid of this persistent fellow? As he gazed vacantly at the wood in his hand and at the river, an idea came to him. Myers looked like a fellow who would be willing to take a gamble. Anyway he would try. Slowly he closed his jackknife, held the boat by the stern with the bow down, and dropped it into the middle of the stream.

"Myers, it's now five o'clock. If that boat reaches Mooseheart, which is two miles from here, before midnight, I'll

give you the confession. If it doesn't, you're never to bother me again. Take it or leave it."

The fugitive looked at the boat and at the river which stretched for a quarter of a mile straight before him. He knew not what lay around the bend where it went out of sight—probably nothing very favorable to the progress of the drifting model, but then, here was a sporting chance, something he never refused. He believed he could trust Hilton's honesty even if his brother had been a thief.

"All right, it's a go," he said.

The two men left the road to follow the river bank. Hilton, knowing the river from end to end, was firmly convinced that the launch would be caught in a snag before it had gone half a mile. Perhaps Myers would be stubborn enough to want to wait till midnight. He looked like the kind who want to play out every hand.

For the first quarter of a mile, the "Drifter," as Myers called it, sailed slowly but surely. Then the river swung around an "ox-bow," the first of a long series of obstacles in the path of Myers' freedom. To him the boat became symbolic of his desires. Would she come safely to port or run aground? From the first, fortune seemed to favor her. In a manner that would have done credit to one of her big sisters, she rode the cross-currents of the bend.

A moment later, Hilton uttered an exclamation of joy. The "Drifter" had run right into the branches of a tree which hung down into the water. There

seemed to be no chance of her escaping, but as though guided by human hands she dodged and turned through the miniature sunken forest. No sooner did she come through these perils than the current drove her into one of the many eddies along its course. Once more Providence, in the form of a breeze, drove her back.

By this time Hilton was beginning to be irritated by the success of the boat. What if she really reached Mooseheart? The idea preyed on his mind. The walking along the bank had become rougher as the river left the meadows and wandered through woods and pastures. Twilight was approaching, and with it the mosquitoes. Myers, on the other hand, was undaunted. As they stumbled on with the aid of Myers' pocket flashlight, he said, "Hilton, imagine conditions like these, but a thousand times worse, and you will have some idea of what I suffered in Brazil."

Presently the moon rose and with it Hilton's spirits, for directly in front of the "Drifter" was a log rising an inch or so above the water—a seemingly impassable obstacle. But Hilton had "builded better than he knew," for the well-balanced boat struck the log, rode up on it, teetered a moment, and slid down the other side.

"You win. Take the confession," cried Hilton.

Silently the two men trudged back to the road. If they had waited a minute they would have seen the "Drifter" run firmly aground on a sand-bar where it remained many days.



LITERATURE

J. J. Wright, Jr.

Everyone, I think, has something which he enjoys in his moments of relaxation from the routine of this work-a-day world. Everyone has something in the doing of which he unconsciously receives rest and inspiration. It is not necessarily a hobby, although some hobbies may accomplish a similar end. It serves as a sort of sanctuary wherein the individual is relieved of the fatigue with which care and responsibility have weighed down his shoulders and oppressed him, and wherein he is fired with new energy and inspiration.

The business man, for example, weary of the scramble for money and the things that money can buy seeks sanctuary by the fireside, where he relaxes in his easy chair and smokes. He little realizes that the half hour or hour which he spends, momentarily freed from responsibility, has become an integral part of his life, the need of which he keenly feels if he is deprived of it. Many and diverse are these "sanctuaries". McKinley went fishing; Roosevelt found "sanctuary" in the woods; Kilmer drew inspiration from his backyard garden. Mercier knelt every evening alone at the foot of the altar, where in quiet communion with his Creator he conceived the lofty ideals which lifted him so far above the mass of men.

And so we might name other men whose greatness and whose achievements are due in no small measure to what I have called their "sanctuaries". Harding at his golf; Foch fingering his rosaries, while the armies slept; Finley walking at night studying the stars.

Perhaps the greatest sanctuary (if we measure its greatness from the numbers who seek recourse in it) is Literature.

Books may be said to be the greatest source of inspiration to which we have access. Reading may be a practice which will furnish rest, recreation, knowledge, and inspiration. If any

one thing has accomplished miracles in furthering civilization and in molding better people, that one thing is Literature.

Literature is a failure unless it has the power of making the individual more profound, more sympathetic, and more appreciative. Books—great Books—should bring the reader to a realization of hitherto latent ideals within him and should fire him with the desire of achievement. A truly great Book makes the mystery of Life—the eternal "Why am I here?"—less incomprehensible. It supplies an explanation and offers a definite purpose for the reader to attain. It effects some change in the character of the man who reads it. Herein lies the test of a great Book.

Someone has truly said that no one can suffer intensely and be the same man as before. No one can love ardently and be the same as before. No one can read a great Book and be the same as before. In order to be called great, a book must make a definite and permanent change in its reader. Perhaps it is for this reason that most literature is not great. A book may be a criterion of rhetoric, it may be unsurpassed in characterization or power of description, it may impress because of the exhaustive research and knowledge on the part of the author which it evidences, but the book is not necessarily great. Unless, when the last line has been read some reader has carried away a brighter aspect of life or conceived a germ of sincerity and sympathy in his dealings with his associates, unless the reader can say, "I am a better man for having read this book," the book can hardly be called great. Great literature strengthens the ethical foundations of society.

There are some people, of course, whom the greatest of books could not move. There are some minds so firmly

rooted in sordidness that the realization of the most extravagant optimism would be sack-cloth and ashes to them. Brother Leo declares that, "Great pieces of literature not only confer but demand greatness. To the man of trivial mind and shallow soul the master-work of a literary artist is dull and abstruse, a thing villainously overpraised." There must be some element of greatness in the make-up of the individual who appreciates great books.

People read the type of book which appeals to them; the type of book which they read reflects the type of character that they possess. The ultimate reason why great books are not best sellers is the lack of an element of greatness among readers.

* * * * *

Not only are books teachers, they are companions. The most secluded monk has books in which he finds companionship. Omar Khayyam's dream of Paradise was not complete without "A Book of Verses Underneath the Bough."

No one who likes to read can ever be bored or lonely.

Every one admires a man who has read extensively. In fact, Emerson says, "Our deep respect for a well-read man is praise enough for literature." Men can acquire excellent characters

from good books. For this reason we should select our reading matter with care.

Hitherto in this essay we have confined ourselves solely to great Books—good literature. There is, of course, another side to the question. Realizing what an influential organ Literature is, the "powers of Darkness" readily enlisted its service. Hence we find the realm of reading flooded with poisonous, vile, unethical, and destructive literature. I sometimes wonder how many minds would have been saved from baseness and immorality if everyone regulated this reading in accordance with a syllabus of approved Books. As long as freedom of the press remains a necessity for reasons outside of what we are discussing, other means of deterring readers from printed filth must be used. Hence the obligation of teaching children not only *how* to read, but also *what* to read. "Indeed," says a prominent Jesuit educator, "To teach a child to read and not teach it what to read is to put a dangerous weapon in its hand."

A knowledge of what to read renders literature an inestimable benefit—a benefit which is, unfortunately, sadly neglected, and upon which the culture and civilization of society rest.

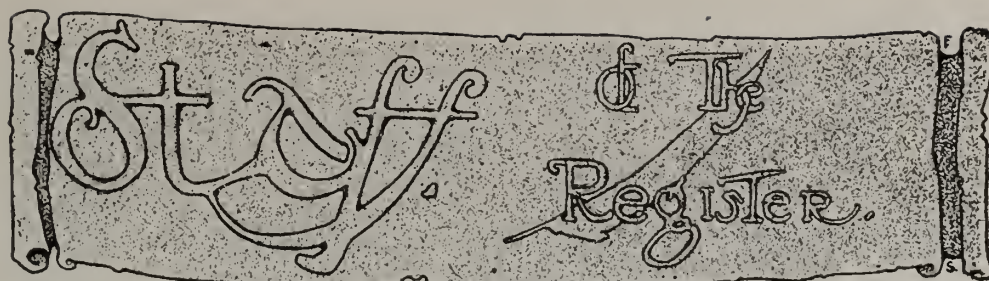
The End

* * * * *

HECTOR'S CHARGE

And Hector all a-gleam with Phoebus' fire
Now fell upon the foe, as when a wave,
Wind-fed by clouds, entombs the ship in grave
Of spume, and blasts discordant play the lyre
Of rigging on the mast; and in their hearts
The sailors quake with fear, as out from Death
The swift ship sails. And thus the Greeks did fear.

—A. R. R.



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THE ALBANIAN VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

THROUGH the generosity of the school-children of the United States, the Junior Red Cross was successful, a few years ago, in establishing a vocational school in Tirana, Albania. The school is still subsidized by contributions from school children. Since we of the Latin School have done our bit in past years in aiding the Red Cross to support this school it would be perhaps somewhat interesting to know something about it.

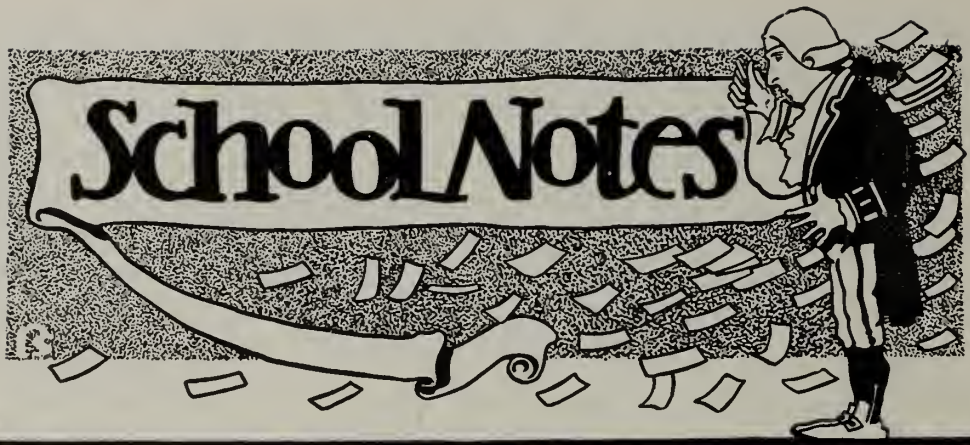
According to a report of conditions, recorded just after the summer vacation of last year, we find that, despite the fact that there were a great number of stragglers who returned from two days to two weeks late, the number of students enrolled was greater than that of last year. This is due almost entirely to the generosity of the Red Cross and of the Albanian Government.

The school is made up of a number of classes such as classes in woodworking, sheet metal, machine shop, and farm mechanics. The class in woodworking has been busy for some time in making desks, picture frames, tea tables, book cases, and the like. The second and third classes are engaged in repairing a steam engine turned over to the school by the Government.

One of the most important parts of the school is the farm, which is entirely attended to by the pupils. The crops which were sown during October and November consist of rye, oats, wheat, alfalfa, and clover. The last two have been exceptionally successful. Vegetables have also been grown with some success.

This brief report gives us some idea of what the Junior Red Cross is doing in foreign countries. If the Albanian Vocational School can be taken as an example of what the money of the children of America is doing, we must all agree that it is a splendid project.

—N. Z.



For the first time in the history of the school, according to Mr. Campbell, has a Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts visited the Latin School while in office. On May 10, Governor Fuller entered the school, at the invitation of the Woman's Industrial and Educational Union, (to which organization we are already indebted for our excellent daily lunches), and delivered a few words of greeting on behalf of both the State of Massachusetts and its Governor to the upper half of the Latin School student body. The visit of Governor Fuller, we hope, marks the beginning of a period when the Commonwealth shall, after a lapse of nearly three hundred years, take an official interest in this, the oldest and most outstanding of its institutions of secondary education. Although at the present time the school is supported by the City of Boston, we must not forget that it was founded by the Massachusetts Bay Colony under Governor Winthrop. And now what more fitting than that the Chief Executive of the "grand old Commonwealth" should pay the honor of a visit to the school founded by the first of his illustrious line of predecessors?

* * *

A pleasant surprise was in store for the upper classes on May 10 at the regular Monday morning assembly of Classes I, II, and III, for, immediately after the rendition of a piano solo by Peter Kozodoy, '28, Mr. Campbell introduced

Mr. Alaric Stone, whom we had already seen at Class Day, in the capacity of speaker. Mr. Stone expressed his regret at having been forced to retire from the "business" of teaching, and closed by bidding a last farewell to his former pupils. Preceding Mr. Stone's address, Mr. Campbell urged proper military behavior by Latin School Cadets at the city parade in June.

* * *

The second annual Prize Debate of the Junior Debating Club took place on April 15 before the lower classes. The bloody conflict was preceded by an introduction by Chairman Ralph B. Rogers, President of the Senior Debating Club, who announced that the subject for discussion was: Resolved, That the United States should enter the League of Nations. The first affirmative speaker, Edward H. Hickey '29, clearly and emphatically outlined the affirmative's attitude and made a good impression on the audience. Abraham A. Herzel '29, speaking for the negative, countered with a stirring indictment of the League of Nations. His speech was interspersed with flashing bits of sarcasm, which detracted rather than added to its effectiveness. Charles W. Quick '29, quickly turned the tide of battle in favor of the affirmative in the best speech of the day. The speech of Carl B. Radlo, also of the Freshman Class, although containing good arguments, was marred by the low and sometimes inaudible tone in which

it was delivered. The rebuttal speeches were on the whole less effective than the main speeches. It was then announced that the affirmative side had won, and that Charles Quick had received the individual award. It was settled. We enter the League of Nations!

Great credit must be given to Mr. Butler, who coached both sides, and to the helpfulness of Willard I. Shattuck '29 and Clarence F. Berger '29, who acted as alternates.

* * *

Class Day, which was held on April 16, was as successful an affair as has yet been witnessed by the school. We will not here describe the program, as we hope to do so more fully in the Graduation number. We will, however, say that the speech of Hon. David I. Walsh, former Senator from Massachusetts, was one of the finest addresses ever delivered from the school platform, and that the rest of the program was in general keeping with this, its outstanding number.

* * *

The annual Boston College Oratorical Contest, which took place this year on April 18, was won by Joseph L. McNamara '27, representing the Boston Latin School. Since the competitors in this contest represented the flower of high school orators throughout the state, the winning of the event was no small achievement. McNamara's subject was "World Peace."

* * *

Prize Drill, that all-important event at which the militant spirit which smoulders in our breasts finds full expression upon the spectacle of company after company going bravely forth arrayed in all its splendor, only to meet its fate at the hands of a few sharp-eyed judges, took place on May 7. The band, headed by Drum Major Epstein, and the Drum Corps, led by Drum Major Winsor, engaged in deadly competition for the

blaring supremacy of the school. The order in which the various companies were ranked together with a full description of the Prize Drill itself, will be published in the final issue of the *Register*.

* * *

The newly formed French Club is now established as a permanent school organization. On April 28, the first real meeting of the club was held in Room 303. The most important business on hand was the election of officers, which was held with the following results:

Joseph Berkowitz '26, was elected President of the first Latin School French Club; Bernard F. Devlin '26, was chosen as Vice-President; Reuben Russman '26, led the field for Secretary-Treasurer. The newly elected President then delivered a long and flowery address *en français*, which was understood by the following, to wit: Messrs. Henderson, Pike, Levine, Pennypacker and Berkowitz.

Mr. Henderson then flashed on the screen a series of scenes from the life of Jeanne D'Arc, the explanations accompanying which were translated into English by several members of the club, (with outside help). As this number of the *Register* goes to press, we learn that elaborate plans for future meetings are being made by the officers of the club, and that interesting and profitable Wednesday afternoons are assured to all. The meetings are conducted partly in English and partly in French, so as to be intelligible even to those of us who are least educated in the intricacies of the French language.

* * *

At a special meeting of the Dramatic Club, which was held on April 15, officers of the club for 1926-27 were elected as follows: *President*, Charles D. Roberts '27; *Secretary-Treasurer*, Arnold Isenberg '28. These, together with Howard Rubin '28, will form the nucleus of a

group which will endeavor to carry on the fine work of its predecessors.

* * *

At the regular Monday morning assembly of the upper classes on April 26, Mr. Campbell introduced as the speaker of the hour Mr. Thomas A. Mullen, a Latin School alumnus and a former master. Mr. Mullen's subject was the Massachusetts General Hospital, and the subject was well covered. Speaking with the zeal of one who is intensely interested in his subject, Mr. Mullen outlined the history of the Massachusetts General Hospital, the part played by Latin School graduates in its foundation, and the good work which this institution is now doing for the poor and middle classes, as well as in the general line of medical and scientific research. He asked us to do our share toward the promotion of the \$1,300,000 campaign which is now being launched by the hospital. Music was provided by Jacob Moskovitz, who played a selection on the oboe.

* * *

We have in the past been very proud to point to the cosmopolitan character of the Latin School student body. It has long been our boast that, due to the Latin School's democratic precepts, representatives of all countries, colors, and creeds may enter here. But, alas, no longer does the school contain a number of students representing all parts of the earth, for the school is now literally overrun with nothing but—Sullivans!

Open your catalogue and count them!

* * *

The colossal struggles for the *Register* Short Story, Cartoon and Advertisers' Patronizing Contests are now concluded, and the Editors breathe a sigh of relief. No more to sit up into the long hours of the night reading hundreds of stories or passing judgement upon thousands of cartoons! In fact, so overwhelmed have

we been with dozens, scores, hundreds, yea, thousands of contributions, that we have not had a moment's rest! Little did we dream that the student body would thus readily respond to our solicitations for material! The winners of these contests may indeed feel proud at having beaten out so many worthy competitors!

* * *

A number of amateur detectives are now following a secret clue which they hope will at last unravel that absorbing mystery which for five years has been puzzling those curious souls who delight in solving inexplicable riddles, viz., by what architectural design was the school building so built that there is seemingly no connection between what we commonly consider the top story of the building, the third floor, and the terrace and tower which can be seen from the outside. It seems to be the life mission of these investigators to discover the hidden passage which leads from the third floor to the highest part of the building; in fact, so wrought up are they in their work, that some have remained in the school many years in order to bring their investigations to a successful termination. Success to their search!

* * *

The Glee Club is approaching nearer and nearer the high note of success, *Mr. Hamblino duce*. An excellent performance was given by the club on Class Day, and we are sure to hear more of this organization in the future.

* * *

That school organization which has the most frequent opportunities of showing its wares is the orchestra. Four excellent selections were rendered on Class Day, and there are yet Prize Declamation and Graduation Day on which the orchestra may be heard.

THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL
LIBRARY SERVICE CLUB

by Frank E. Gartland

The Library Service Club was formed in April by a group of pupils from Classes III-A and III-B. The officers elected are as follows:

Frank E. Gartland (200)—*Chairman*

Robert L. Gerling (200)—*Secretary*

Miss Helen Burgess, school librarian, is the supervisor of the club.

The club holds its meetings in the library every Wednesday at 2:00, as all members are excused from seventh period for that day.

The first official meeting of the group

was held on April 13th, and all but a few members were present. At that meeting it was agreed that members who were not attending meetings regularly, should be automatically dropped from the club. An assistant chairman is to be elected at the meeting of May 5th. The candidates for this position are Cannata (200); Dow (204); and Connell (208).

At present the headmaster has arranged to have members equipped with arm bands marked "sLc," so that borrowers may readily receive information regarding books, etc., while in the library. The letters on the armbands are significant of the name of the club.

ALUMNI NOTES

THE SINGING BLUE

The friends of the late Anne Robinson, widow of Warren Eastman Robinson, the master of this school who made the supreme sacrifice in the World War, may now have the pleasure of possessing a volume of her poems, "The Singing Blue," published by F. W. Chandler & Son, Brunswick, Maine. Most of the selections in this book were written in the last few years of her life. Mrs. Robinson was never in robust health, but when her frail body could be made to serve her vigorous mind, she found in the writing of verse both a solace and a delight.

One who had the privilege of sitting in the French classes of her father, Prof. Henry Johnson, at Bowdoin College, can easily detect throughout this volume that aesthetic quality which characterized all his instruction. A lover of the beautiful himself, he was able to quicken the vision and open the eyes of the blind student to the beautiful in nature and art. So the reader of these fine poems may obtain much to satisfy his love for the good and the true.

—F. H. D.

'80—Thomas Aloysius Mullen, a Boston attorney, has been made chairman of the speakers' committee of the coming Massachusetts General Hospital finance campaign. Mr. Mullen took part in the Liberty Loan campaign and after the war served as chairman of the Boston Committee on Americanization, and also of the Boston Committee on Post War Employment.

* * *

'81—Henry Morland Williams was recently appointed to the Committee on the Harvard Alumni Bulletin of the Associated Harvard Clubs.

* * *

Harry L. Shapiro, A. M., tutor in anthropology at Harvard, has been appointed assistant curator of physical anthropology at the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y. C.

* * *

'03—Alfred Robert McIntyre was recently chosen President of Little, Brown & Co. Mr. McIntyre was graduated from Harvard College in 1907. During the World War he served as regimental sergeant major in the 301st Infantry.

LO, THE POOR INDIAN!

By William Harrison

THE Feather of the Eagle was a *good* Indian. In being proselyted, he had changed his name to John Smith, tho it was doubtful if he had ever heard of the famous Virginia captain of that name. For the war-path of the Kni-yote tribe, he had substituted the path to the school-house at Lopeka; he had endeavored to learn the three R's with as much facility as he had learned how to string a bow. The Feather of the Eagle was become the Feather of the Pen. In short, John Smith was at the mature age of thirty in the fourth grade of the Lopeka Graded School.

Imagine six-feet four inches of brawn and muscle, huge arms, huge hands, a huge fits, *almost* everything huge. Such a person was the Feather of the Eagle. The only thing about him which was not huge was his physiognomy. His face was a small one, with invariably an expression of impassiveness. It was a characteristic Indian face. His nose might well have graced the face of Marcus Silanus (*Requiescat in pace!*)—so Romanesque was it in shape. The nose may have originated in Latium, but its owner first saw the glorious light of day in a Montana wigwam.

The Montana blasts swept across the plains on a certain March morning, carrying in their wake a gust of dust, thereby cautioning the gophers to hug close to their holes. No one was in sight. No one? A rider on a pony appeared. He was evidently at home on horseback as he was urging his horse along nonchalantly. Though the wind blew the dust up into his face, he plodded on. All he did to protect himself from the dust was to tighten a large blanket around his body. The day was cold—so cold that even the wanton coyotes sought their lairs. Still

the rider pressed on. The Feather of the Eagle—for it was he—was on his way to school.

As the rider, poised on his magnificent steed, scanned the horizon, he provided an exquisite model for any roving slave of the palette. His dress seemed to be at odds-ends with the apparel of the side-show or tobacco-store Indian. He had no feathers; he had a perfectly sound and stylish Stetson "chapeau". Perfectly good golf hose encased his legs. A very good pair of knickers took the place of the loin-cloth. The only vestige of Amerindian habiliment on his person was the Sioux blanket (heretofore mentioned).

Our Red Man came from a distance of thirty miles to attend school. He had traversed about twenty miles of his journey when he beheld two horsemen a trifle behind him. They were riding fast—evidently endeavoring to overtake him. Instinct, the inner man, told the Indian to be on his guard—on the plains no stranger is a friend. He hearkened unto the voice of Instinct. Suddenly, the horsemen loomed up large—they were ten yards away from him.

"Hello! What 'ave we hyar? A gay Injun? Mus' be on o' them rich Injuns. Hey, you, Light of the Western Stars, got enny chink?"

Silence is golden. Our Indian had plenty of gold.

"Wot d'ye think y'are, ennyway? Answer, ye red *dog*, or I'll—" (he fingered his cartridge-belt, suggestively) "—make ye redder 'n y'are now!"

"The paleface speaks but rashly. He boasts that he will rob the poor Indian of his money," spoke the Feather of the Eagle in the slow, measured accents of the Council of the Sachems.

"Don't let th' *dog* git wise wit' ye, Slim," advised the second member of the robber duet.

"I don't mean to, Spud," the one addressed as Slim flung back. "Say, Injun, don't git gay. If ye got any dough, out wit' it. Git me?"

"Get my money, *if you can*, you *thief!*" the Feather of the Eagle said defiantly. *He was angry.*

Slim drew his revolver.

"Skyward, *dog!*" he ordered. The Feather of the Eagle was prudent enough to raise his arms as if in supplication to the Deity.

"Very good, *rat!* throw out yer cash, *redskin!*" was the next command; this time issued by Spud. The robber duet seemed to have many epithets by which to distinguish the Indian, some of which I shall not reproduce for they are not sanctioned in decent society.

"Come and get it," replied the Indian shrewdly.

Spud advanced.

"Hey, wait a minute, Spud," warned Slim.

The warning came too late.

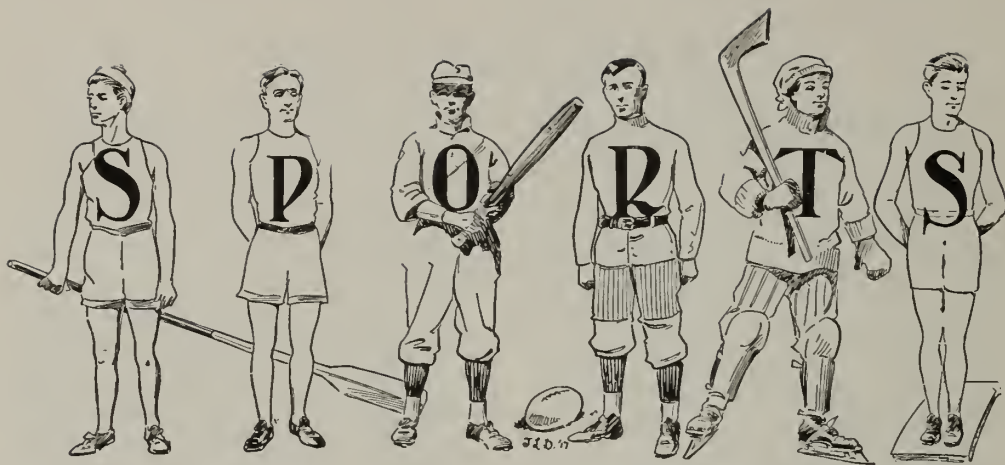
Like a tiger, like a cougar, the Feather of the Eagle sprang upon the bandit. He caught Spud in a deathly, vise-like embrace. After hurling the robber to the ground, his long, tapering fingers sought Spud's throat and his nails, veritable eagle's talons, sank deep into the fleshy part of his opponent's neck. For seconds the outlaw and the Indian struggled. Slim did not dare to shoot; the reason is obvious: he might have hit Spud instead of the Indian. Then for what seemed hours (to Slim) they rolled over the ground. The Indian still choked Spud; Spud continued to grasp him as a drowning man clutches

a riparian twig. But it was an unequal fight. Spud was losing. "'Elp!" he gasped. A shot rang out. Slim had taken a chance. He lost. Spud groaned and kicked. In a moment, he was—*dead.*

"Great Guns! I kilt Spud!" cried the bewildered Slim. In his consternation, he dropped the gun. Quick as a flash, the Feather of the Eagle dashed upon Slim. His concentrated weight bore Slim to the ground—*near the gun.* The Indian began to choke Slim. Slim's hand sought the gun. His fingers twitched. He was already gasping, but he was determined to secure the gun. His hand was one inch away. It could go no further. By an almost superhuman effort, he stretched himself, tho the Indian's great weight was on top of him. The gun was in his grasp! The Indian saw. Too late. Bing! A whistling sound, an electric flash, a blinding smoke. The Feather of the Eagle was shot in the abdomen. A severe wound, still he seized the gun out of Slim's hand (not without some effort, of course), and pulled the trigger. Click! No more bullets! Nothing daunted, the Feather of the Eagle took the butt of revolver and brought it down with a resounding force upon Slim's head. Ugh! Coolly, he repeated the performance until he was sure that Slim was defunct. Like a painter who has finished a masterpiece, the Feather of the Eagle rose. With the sickly smile of the dying man upon his face, he turned his eyes up to the Great Spirit. "Into thy hands, I commend my spirit," he breathed faintly, rolling over—dead.

The buzzards—scavengers of the great opens—had a feast.





BASEBALL

THE first meeting of the year was held early in the spring in Room 206. About 125 candidates assembled at the call. The prospects seemed bright especially since Donaghy was the only member of last year's infield to graduate.

This left Captain "Hen" McGuinness at first base for his third and last year at that position in this school, Verge at second, and Finnegan at short-stop. Gill seems to have the call over the other candidates for third base, and he completes the infield. Kiley is the only member of last year's pitching staff left, and he is expected to be the mainstay in the box this year. "Al" McGrath, a veteran outfielder, has been made into a pitcher and he will also take his turn on the mound with Flynn, Darvirris and Covertton. Mayers and Connerton are doing the catching, with the former doing the brunt of the work. It is still doubtful as to who will play the outfield, for Gaffney, Hunt, O'Neill, Sullivan, Kiley, Costigan and Wilson, have been seen chasing flies this year.

The first game of the year was played April 14, when the team went to West Newton to play the Allen Military Academy. During the first part of the game, Nute, Allen's pitcher, was a complete puzzle to the batters, but towards the end of the game they began to get their eyes on his pitches and ended with a fine run-rally, in the ninth inning, which just failed to tie the score. Three pitchers were used in a vain attempt to stop

the Allen team's hitting, the principal trouble with them being that they were wild. Coach Fitzgerald tried out sixteen players in this game and, as a whole, they played well, but a weakness with the bat seemed to be prominent.

* * *

B. C. HIGH 12—LATIN SCHOOL 1

On April 20 the team trailed B. C. High 12 to 1, mainly through the excellent pitching of Ryan, who allowed only *one* hit. Welch, a relief pitcher, also gave only one hit. Our team seemed to be unable to see Ryan's fast balls and curves. Batter after batter walked up to the plate only to return with a lower batting average. The B.C. High batters were not affected by any weakness in batting, however, and managed to get thirteen hits and twelve runs, all the runs being scored in the first four innings. The team's only run was scored in the seventh inning, when Captain Joe McGuinness reached first on a bad throw by McDermott. Another run was made right after this, and it seemed to unsettle Ryan, for "Joe" Gill hit safely, scoring McGuinness. Coverton pitched during the last part of the game and kept the B. C. High batters from scoring.

* * *

LATIN SCHOOL 11—S. E. HIGH 6

The first win of the year was gained over South Boston on April 22. Prospects for a win were not bright at the end of the fifth inning for at that time the "Southies" were ahead by a score of 4 to 1. When the dust had cleared

away after this inning, our team was ahead by a score of 8 to 4 owing to errors on the part of the "Southie" shortstop. "Al" McGrath pitched the whold game and did well, for he kept the hits well scattered. This was the first game in which the team showed any kind of an attack, getting twelve hits in all.

* * *

MILTON 15—LATIN SCHOOL 2

Our team was again snowed under on April 28, this time by Milton. This game accentuated again the weakness of the team's pitching and hitting. The team got only four hits from Sprague, Milton's pitcher, and Verge got two of these. Kiley started the game, but failed to show any of last year's form. Milton managed to get fifteen hits, including two homers. Verge also got a homer.

* * *

RINDGE TECH 11—LATIN 7

On April 29, an exhibition game was played with Rindge Tech at Russell Field, Cambridge. Rindge piled up an early lead due to some sharp hitting and several errors by Latin. With Flynn, who relieved Gaffney, holding down the slugging Rindge team, we began a rally which, however, fell short by four runs. The final score was Rindge 11, Latin 7.

* * *

THAYER ACADEMY 10—LATIN 7

On May 5, Latin lost a loosely played game to Thayer Academy at Braintree. Thayer took the lead at the start and never allowed its lead to become endangered. The Palmer brothers hit well for the victors while Hunt and Sullivan starred at bat for the losers.

* * *

BRIGHTON 7—LATIN SCHOOL 3

On May 6 our second league game was lost to Brighton High School. Fred Hunt, pitching his first game for Latin, held the heavy-hitting Brighton batters to 7 hits. However, they made these hits when most needed and managed to convert them into 7 runs while Latin was

only able to get 3. Hunt continued his heavy hitting and Wilson also hit well. Nugent and O'Hare each got 2 hits for Brighton.

* * *

LAWRENCE 12—BOSTONLATIN 7

On May 8, Latin, although out-hitting the victors, lost to Lawrence High. The game was featured by the free-hitting of both teams. Latin collecting 14 hits and Lawrence 13. Finnegan and Hunt featured at bat for Latin and the latter, in addition, accepted 5 chances in the field, without an error. Weaver played well for Lawrence.

* * *

LATIN 7—CHARLESTOWN HIGH 2

Latin won her second league game at Charlestown on May 11. Hunt pitched air-tight ball for Latin, allowing only two hits and striking out 15 of the Charlestown batters. Downes, the Charlestown pitcher, struck out 12, but was wretchedly supported in the field. Sullivan and McGuiness got two hits apiece for Latin.

Latin's standing in the city league is now:

Won 2; Lost 1; .667.

* * *

A LITTLE

SURVEY AND FORECAST

Thomas W. Dunn

I'M NOT going to say much about football, save that Latin School may have had better teams but they never had a more willing one nor one that was any more game than the team which bore the purple banner this year.

The track season soon rolled around, however, and the manner in which the track team has thus far conducted itself is excellent.

He who has not seen young Dalrymple trotting over the hurdles and little Guilford, the boy who used to carry water and do the Charleston for the football squad, has indeed missed a treat.

"Terrible" Beveridge, the artist that walks like a man, as he was known to some of those unfortunates on opposing football teams whom he had occasion to tackle, is indeed our stellar broad jumper.

Our own "Mellie" Dunham with Woodberry and Captain Gaffney are our mainstays in the hurdles. The latter because of an injury sustained during the football season is not quite up to his old time form.

The 50-yd. dash men seem to be quite erratic this year, but Bob Sullivan and Nissen seem to be among the best. Hoyer has turned out at last, and we hope turned up in time for the "Reggies."

The stellar performers in the 220 are D. Sullivan and McCarthy.

Bob Sullivan seems to be quite a consistent winner of the 300, with Hegarty always pushing him hard for top honors.

Too much praise cannot be given to our two-lap relay team consisting of Bob Sullivan, O'Brien, Boches, and Cummings. O'Brien's performance on the "Casey" meet when he ran 2 laps without a shoe, is still marvelled at. The one-lap relay was recently chosen, consisting of Dunham, Nissen, Wells' and Gallagher, and if they bear the purple colors as well as the two-lap relay has, they will indeed do well.

A survey without hockey would not be worthy of the name, so here is a little "dope" concerning the hockey squad.

Under the able leadership of "Al" McGrath and the tutelage of hockey coach Cleary, the squad has been doing quite well. Costigan and Maloney or Casey take care of the defense, while Wilson and O'Neil or Shine at the wings with Capt. Al at center make up the attacking force. Flynn, Tommy Mayers and diminutive John Grandfield divide up the honors at the goal. Although the team has not been the champions this year, nevertheless the

next year's chances are considerably brightened by the return of practically the whole squad with the exception of Captain McGrath.

Now just what does all this mean? In the first place it is written to tell you what some of the boys are doing in this school and also that it may incite you to go and do likewise.

I know that many have the feeling and the knowledge that they are "terrible," but so are most athletes before they start. It takes long hours of hard practice to be really good, but always remember where there is a will there is a way.

Some one always says, "Why should I be bothered to go out for any sport?" Because if you wish to succeed in the game of life you must! Why? For these reasons. It is not often that long friendships are made in the classroom, but the boy that can say, "He played on the same team that I did," is assured of friends throughout life. The boys of today are the leaders of tomorrow and they are already the leaders or among the leaders in some school activity, so get out and be of them.

It is said that you cannot fully understand anything until you do it. Are you going to be among those that understand and care nothing for that which builds your body, strengthens and enlarges your mind and keeps you down on earth? If so, just what kind of an American are you?

A huge frame does not mean a whole lot in most sports, but the amount of "Fight" or grit that that frame possesses. Just what does fight mean? Does it mean to go and punch someone in the nose because he has your job or the position that you want on the team? It does not! it means sticking to it until you can prove that you are the better man, and although it often seems one long time, that time will come.

Look at Connolly, the Woburn miler. For years he ran second to Joie Ray and last year was entirely relegated to the back ground by Paavo Nurmi, but he stuck to it just the same.

Nurmi has burned himself out; Joie has been declared a pro, and now Mr. Connolly's winning the mile at the different meets throughout the country. That is one example of fight.

Again "Fight" means, when the coach has made you feel in front of the whole squad, that a plugged nickel wouldn't own you for a brother, you must stick and try to merit a good word from him.

"Fight" can be acquired by any one, and although to ourselves we're all a bit yellow, nevertheless any one can be among the best by trying. Remember,

a Latin School athlete is not in the common genus of athletes, but is one who can use not only his body ably and well but also his head. This is indeed an honor, for many athletes are reputed to be thick skulled; but this is not true in Latin School, as anyone who knows all about "eligibility" will tell you.

Now you, among the initiated, for it is to you that this is primarily designed, are you going to throw away all the opportunities and chances that this year still offers in the line of sports? Outdoor track and baseball are upon us, and if you are a true Latin School boy and have the true Latin School spirit, you will take these few words to heart and benefit thereby.

EXCHANGES

AS OTHERS SEE US

YOUR magazine is certainly worthy of the highest praise. The "School Notes" were well discussed.

Lawrence H. S. *Bulletin*

* * *

Your departments are well taken care of, but why not a little more pep?—

Haverhill H. S. *Chronicle*

* * *

The account of the annual football game between Latin and English was interesting and well written.

The Saint John's *Concordia*

* * *

Your athletics department is very complete. The pictures and cuts make it attractive.

The Roman, Rome H. S., Rome, Ga.

* * *

No comments to make. Found everything just as it should be in a school paper. "Jest a Jest" was especially

funny, because there were some new jokes in it.

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N. J.

* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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Than be—a caveman's wife.

* * *

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last night?"

Tan: "How did you know?"

Alpha: "I saw her buying a pair of
slippers and a crutch this morning."

* * *

Angry Wife: "What does this powder
on your coat mean?"

Unfortunate Negative Quantity:
"Trouble, my dear, trouble."

* * *

"How did you know your girl's house
is just a stone's throw from the bridge?"

"I tried it."

"What luck?"

"Rotten, I hit her dad."

* * *

Give me a sentence with the word,
viaduct.

He threw a tomato and that's via-
duct!

* * *

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tachment on our piano."

Poltar: "That's nothing! We've got
one on our house."

* * *

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years."

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bell ringing for?"

Pat: "Well, I guess some man is
pulling on the rope."

* * *

Fresh (having been refused help in a
lesson): "Aw, shut up!"

Soph: "You're the biggest block-
head in school."

Teacher: "Boys, boys, you forget
I'm here."

* * *

Mournful student: "If the princi-
pal don't take back what he said to
me, I'm going to leave school."

Chum: "What did he tell you?"

M. S.: "He told me I was expelled."

* * *

Teacher: "Here, young fellow, take
that gum out of your mouth and put
your feet in."

* * *

First man: "Bill, have you \$100 that
you can lend to me?"

Second man: "No."

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Second man: "Yes, but I was leaning
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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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MAY, 1926

No. 8

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